

Sketch

Volume 7, Number 2

1940

Article 9

Gramp

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Old Man's Song

Frances Foster

Chem. T. Sr.

The flying winds beat on the door of
my house.

It is crumbling clay—

I shall not be here tomorrow

If they should come back this way.

I must go down thru the shadows

And open the door today.



Gramp

Robert Hetherington

E. E. Jr.

IT WON'T work. Betcha a hunerd dollars," said Gramp as he spat upon the ground. Pulling out his tobacco, he bit off another chew as viciously as he could with his three remaining teeth. The stone silence that returned Gramp's remark didn't seem to trouble him in the least. Nothing ever seemed to bother him; he was always around and always chewin'. His thin, wrinkled body with the pale blue oversized coat was as expected on the farm as the crops were. His utility had long ago vanished, but he hadn't. There wasn't a whole lot left of him though; he was like a gunny sack half full of corn cobs. His once large frame, now slightly stooped and a little wasted, seemed to be far too small for his skin that wrinkled over it. Because of his lack of teeth, his jaws seemed to close too far and kind of lap over. This made his face seem too short and made his faded damp eyes look more squinted. His hands were no longer real hands but more like cramped bone-like hooks. About the only time his hands left his deep set pockets was to take another chew.

"Crack." The small bar snapped.

"Told 'cha it wouldn't work," cackled Gramp as he spat again and leaned against the barn. As he stood there trembling with amusement and triumph, he looked like an old dried up turtle, head drawn in, sunning himself on the back.

Open Letter to Hitler

Wayne Gute

Ag. Ed. So.

Der Fuehrer,
Herr Adolf Hitler,
President and Prime Minister of the Reich,
Dictator of every civil, judicial and military function in Germany,
Creator of the Third Reich:

They tell me you are a liar, and I believe them,
For the Sudetenland was not your last territorial claim on the
Continent.

They tell me you are treacherous, and I answer,
"It is true. He directed the killing of his best friend, Ernst
Roehm."

They say you are heartless, and I tell them,
"Yes, I have read of the Battle of France."
"You are un-Christian!" they shout, and I answer,
"Yes, he heads a pagan party."

And they claim that you are cruel, and I turn to them, saying,
"There is truth in American and British propaganda."
They tell me you are ruthless, and I believe them,
For you have hounded the Jews at every turn.

And having answered them thus,
I turn to them again, O Fuehrer, saying:

"Show me another man who could have restored the German
people to a place of equality among nations.
Show me another who could repudiate the clauses of humiliating
post-war treaties.